

WHOLE NUMBER 8,565.

MIDDLETOWN

The funeral of James B. Manuel died on Wednesday, was held on day afternoon and was attended large number of relatives and friends. He was a member of the Weepeat Shashit Tribe of Red turned out in large numbers.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spellers" and "The Barrier"

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HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER XV.

THE main body of salmon struck into the Kalvik river on the first day of July. For a week past the run had been slowly growing while the canneries tested themselves, but on the opening day of the month the horde issued boldly forth from the depths of the sea, and the battle began in earnest.

At times they swam with cleaving flukes exposed. Again they churned the placid waters until swift bombers raced across the shallow bars like tidal waves, while the deeper channels were shot through with shadowy forms or pierced by the lightning glint of silvered bellies. They streamed in with the flood tide to retreat again with the ebb, but there was neither haste nor caution in their progress. They had come in answer to the breeding call of the sea, and its exultation was upon them, driving them relentlessly onward. They had no voice against its overmastering spell.

"The time had come for man to take his toll." At Emerson's cannery there fell a sudden panic, for fifty fishermen quit. Returning from the banks on the night before the run started, they stocked their gear and notified Boyd Emerson of their determination. Then, despite their utmost efforts to dissuade them, they took their packs upon their shoulders and marched up the beach to Willis Marsh's plant. Larsen, the day foreman, acted as their spokesman, and Boyd recognized too late the result of that conversation he had interrupted on the night of his visit to Cherry.

This defection diminished his host's crew by more than half, and, while the shoremen stoutly maintained their loyalty, the chance of putting up a pack seemed lost. Boyd swallowed his pride and went straightway to his enemy. He found Marsh well recovered from his flesh wound of a week or more before, yet extremely cautious for his safety, as he evidenced by conducting the interview before witnesses.

"We are short handed, and I gave instructions to secure every available man," he announced at the conclusion of Emerson's story. "It is not my fault if your men prefer to work for me."

"Then you force me to retaliate," said Boyd. "I shall hire your men out from under you."

Marsh laughed provokingly. "Try it! I am a good organizer, it nothing else. If you send emissaries to my plants it will cause certain violence, and I think you had better avoid that, for we outnumber you ten to one."

Emerson left in disgust. Nor had he hit upon any method of relief when Cherry came down to the plant on the following morning. She inquired straightway:

"What are you doing about it? You can't afford to lose an hour."

"I have sent a man to each of the other plants to hire fishermen at any price, but I have no hope that they will succeed. Marsh has his crews too well in hand for that."

Cherry nodded. "They wouldn't dare quit him now. He'd never let them return to this country if they did. Meanwhile the rest of your force is on the banks, I presume."

"Yes."

"How many boats have you?"

"Ten."

"Heavens! And this is the first day of the run! It looks bad, doesn't it? Has the trap begun to fill?"

"No. George is down there now. I guess Marsh succeeded in corking it. Meanwhile all the other plants are working while my Chinks are playing fantan. I seem to bring misfortune upon every one connected with me, don't I?" he added. "I'm afraid I'm a poor sort."

How boyish he was, the girl thought tenderly, yet how splendidly brave he had been throughout the fight! There was a voiceless, maternal yearning in her heart as she asked him gravely:

"If you fail now it will mean—the end of everything, will it not?"

"Yes. He squared his tired shoulders. "But I am not beaten yet. You taught me never to give up, Cherry. If I have to go back home without a catch and see Hilliard take this plant over, why—I'll begin once more at something new, and some day I will succeed. But I shan't give up. I'll can what salmon we catch and then begin all over again next season."

"And—suppose you don't succeed? Suppose Hilliard won't carry you?"

"Then I shall try something else. Maybe I shall go to mining again. I don't know. Anyway, she would not let me grow disheartened if she were here. She wouldn't let me quit. She isn't that sort."

Cherry Malitte stirred and shifted her gaze uncertainly to the glaucous bay. Abreast of them the fleet of fishing boats were drifting with the tide. In the distance others were dotted clear away to where the open ocean lay. A tug was passing, and she saw the sun flash from the cargo in its tow, while the faint echo of a song came wafting to her ears. She stood so for a long moment, fighting manfully with herself, then wheeled upon him suddenly. There was a new tone in her voice as she said:

"If you will let me have one of your launches I may be able to help you."

"How?" he demanded quickly.

"Never mind how. It's a long chance and hardly worth trying, but—may I take the boat?"

"Certainly," said he. "There's one lying at the dock."

He led her to the shore and saw

her aboard, then waved goodbye and walked moodily back to the office, gratified that she should try to help him, yet certain that she could not succeed where he and George had failed.

"Fingerless" Fraser had breakfasted late, as was his luxurious custom, and shortly before noon, in the course of his dissatisfied meanderings, he found his friend in the office, lost in somber thought. It was the first time in many weeks that he had seen this mood in Boyd, and after a fruitless effort to make him talk, he fell into his old habit of imaginary reading, drowning away to himself as if from a printed page:

"Your stay among us has not been very pleasant, has it? Mr. Emerson inquired.

"Not so that you could notice it," replied our hero. "I don't like fish, and I never did."

"That is the result of prejudice; the fish is a noble animal," Mr. Emerson declared.

"It's not an animal at all," our hero gently corrected. "It's a biped—a regular wild biped, without either lore of home or affection for his children. The salmon is of a low order of intelligence and has a Queen Anne snarl to his roof. No person with a retreating forehead like that knows very much. The only other member of the animal kingdom that is as foolish as the salmon is Alton Clyde. The fish has got a shade the best of it over him, but as for friendship and the gentler emotions—why, the salmon hasn't got them at all. The only thing he's got is a million eggs and a sense of direction. If he had a spark of intelligence he'd lay one egg a year, like a hen, and thus live for a million years. But does he? Not on your Sarony! He's a spendthrift and turns his eggs loose a half at a time. He's worse than a shotgun. And then, too, he's as clumsy as a Harvard graduate and don't associate with nobody out of his own set. No, sir! Give me a warm biped animal that suckles its young. I'll take a farmer every time."

"These are points I had never considered," said Mr. Emerson, "but every business has its drawbacks, you'll agree. If I have failed as a host, what can I do to entertain you while you grace our midst?"

"You can do most anything," remarked his handsome companion. "You can climb a tree or do anything except fish all the time."

"But it is a dark night without, and I fear some mischief is afoot."

"True! But yonder beautiful moon!"

Roused by the familiarity of these lines, Emerson looked up from his pre-occupation and smiled at Fraser's serious pantomime.

"What about that 'beautiful moon'?"

"Oh, I heard all about your trouble. I just left the pesthouse."

"The what?"

"The pesthouse—Clyde's joint. Ain't he a calamity?"

"In what way?"

"Well, I like silence and quietude. I'm a fool about my quiet, but Clyde—"

He paused as if in search for suitable expression. "Well, whenever I try to say anything he interrupts me."

After another pause he went on: "He's dead sore on this place, too, and whines around like a litter of pups. He says he was misled into coming up here and has a hunch he's going to lose his bank roll."

"Last night's episode frightened him, I dare say."

"Yes. Ever since he got that wallop on the butt in Seattle a guinea pig could lick him hand to hand. You'd think that ten thousand put up was all the wealth of the Inkers."

"The wealth of what?"

"Inkers! That's a tribe of rich Mexicans. However, I suppose I'd hang to my coin the same way he does if I had a mayonnaise head like his. He's an awful shine as a business man."

"So he's homesick, eh?"

"Sure! Offered to sell me his stock."

Fraser threw back his head and gave vent to one of his rare laughs. "Ain't that a rave?"

"Here he comes now," Boyd announced, with a glance out the window, and the next instant Alton Clyde entered, a picture of dejection.

"Geel! This is fierce, isn't it?" the clubman began, flinging himself into the nearest chair. "They tell me it's all off finally. What are you going to do?"

"Put up what fish I can with a short crew," said Boyd.

"We'll lose a lot of money."

"Probably."

Clyde's tone was querulous as he continued:

"I'm sorry I ever went into this thing. You bet if I had known as much in Chicago as I know now I would have hung on to my money and stayed at home."

"You know as much as we did," Boyd declared cheerfully.

"Oh, it's all right for you to talk. You haven't risked any coin in the deal, but I'm a rotten business man and I'll never make my ante back again if I lose it."

"Don't whine about it," said Boyd stolidly. "You can at least be game and lose like a man."

"Then we are going to lose, eh?" queried Clyde in a nasal voice.

"I thought maybe you had a plan. Look here," he began, in a placid tone. "Cherry pulled us out once before. Why don't you let her see what she can do with Marsh?"

Boyd scanned the speaker's face sharply, noting speculatively:

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean she can work him if she tries, the same way she worked Hilliard."

"Marsh isn't in the mood to listen to arguments. I have tried that."

"Who said anything about arguments? You know what I mean."

"I don't care to listen to that sort of talk."

"Why not? I'm entitled to have my say in things." Clyde was growing indignant. "I put in \$10,000 of my own money and \$25,000 besides on your assurance. That's \$35,000 more than you put up."

"Nevertheless it doesn't give you the right to insult the girl."

"Insult her! Bah! You're no fool, Boyd. Why did Hilliard advance that loan?"

"Because he wanted to, I dare say."

"What's the use of keeping that up? You know as well as I do that she worked him, and worked him well. She'd do anything for you."

CHAPTER XVI.

BOYD broke out roughly: "I tell you, I've heard enough of that talk, Alton. Anybody but an idiot would know that Cherry is far too good for what you suggest. And when you insult her you insult me."

"Oh, she's good enough," said Clyde. "They're all good, but not perhaps in the way you mean."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know, but Fraser does. He's known her for years. Haven't you, Fraser?" But the adventurer's face was like wood as they turned toward him.

"I don't know nothing," replied "Fingerless" Fraser, with an admirable show of ignorance.

"Well, judge for yourself," Clyde turned again to Emerson. "Who is she? Where did she come from? What is she doing here alone? Answer that, now, she's interested in this deal just as much as any of us, and if you don't ask her to take a hand I'm going to put it up to her myself."

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Boyd cried savagely.

Clyde rose hastily, and his voice was shaking with excitement as he stammered:

"See here, Boyd, you're to blame for this trouble, and now you either get us out of it or buy my stock."

"You know that I can't buy your stock."

"Then I'll sell wherever I can. I've been stung, and I want my money. Only, remember, I offered the stock to you first!"

"You've got a swell chance to make a turn in Kalvik," said Fraser. "Why don't you take it to Marsh?"

"I will!" declared Alton.

"You wouldn't do a trick like that?" Emerson questioned quickly.

"Why not? You won't listen to my advice. You're playing with other people's money, and it doesn't matter to you whether you win or lose. If this enterprise fails I suppose you can promote another."

"Get out!" Boyd ordered, in such a tone that the speaker obeyed with ludicrous haste.

"Did you know Cherry before you came to Kalvik?" Boyd asked, searching his companion's face with a look the man could not evade.

"Only casual."

"Where?"

"None—the year of the big rush."

"During the mining troubles, eh?"

"Sure."

"What was she doing?"

"Minding her business. She's good at that." Fraser's eyes had become green and fishy, as usual.

"What do you know about her?"

"Well, I know that a lot of fellows would go through for her at the drop of a hat. She could have most anything they're got, I guess. Most any of them miners at Nome would give his right eye or his only child, or any little thing like that, if she asked it."

"What else?"

"Well, she was always considered a right good looking party."

"Yes, yes; of course. But what do you know about the girl herself? Who is she? What is her history?"

"Now, sir, I'm an awful poor detective," confessed "Fingerless" Fraser. "I've often noticed that about myself. If I was the kind that goes snooping around into other people's business, listening to all the gossip I'm told, I'd make a good witness. But I ain't. No, sir! I'm a rotten witness."

Despite this indirect rebuke, Boyd might have continued his questioning

out hunting for new answers.

"You know what I mean," the giant rumbled, his red eyes flaming. "You and I can get Willis Marsh."

Emerson shot a quick glance at Fraser, who was staring fixedly at Big George.

"He's got us right enough, and it's bound to come to a killing some day, so the sooner the better," the fisherman ran up. "We can get him tonight if you say so. Are you in on it?"

Boyd faced the window slowly, while the others followed him with anxious eyes. Inside the room a deathlike silence settled.

Moreover, Mildred Wayland was soon to arrive—the yacht was expected daily—and she would find him a failure. What was worse, she would find that Marsh had vanquished him. She would turn elsewhere—perhaps to the very man who had contrived his undoing. At thought of this a sort of desperation seemed to master him; he began to mutter aloud.

"What did you say?" queried Bait.

"I said that you are right. The time is close at hand for some sort of a reckoning," answered Boyd in a harsh, strained voice.

"Good!"

Emerson was upon the point of turning when his eyes fell upon a picture that made him start, then gaze more intently. Out upon the placid waters, abreast of the plant, the launch in which Cherry had departed was approaching, and it was loaded down with men. Not only were they crowded upon the craft itself, but trailing behind it like the tail of a kite was a long line of canoes, and these also were peopled.

"Look yonder!" cried Boyd.

"What?"

"Cherry has got a crew!" His voice broke, and he bolted toward the door as Big George leaped to the window.

"Injun!" wildly shouted the giant, and without stopping to stamp his feet into his boots he rushed out barefoot after Boyd and Fraser. Together the three men reached the dock in time to help Cherry up the ladder.

"What does this mean?" Boyd asked her breathlessly. "Will these fellows work?"

"That's what they're here for," said the girl. After her swarmed a crowd of silent eyed, copper hued Aleuts. Those in the kayas stern east off and paddled toward the beach.

"I've got fifty men, the best on the river. I tried to get more, but—there aren't any more."

"Fingerless" Fraser slapped himself resoundingly upon the thigh and exploded profanely. Boyd seized the girl's hands in his and wrung them.

"Cherry, you're a treasure!" The memory of his desperate resolution of a moment before swept over him suddenly and his voice trembled with a great thankfulness.

"Don't thank me!" Cherry exclaimed. "It was more Constantine's work than mine."

"But I don't understand. These are Marsh's men."

"To be sure, but I was good to them when they were hungry last winter, and I prevailed upon them to come. They aren't very good fishermen. They're awful lazy and they won't work half as hard as white men, but it's the best I could do."

She laughed gladly, more than repaid by the look in her companion's face. "Now get me some lunch. I'm fairly starved."

Big George, when he had fully grasped the situation, became the boss fisherman on the instant. Before the others had reached the cookhouse he was busied in laying out his crews and distributing his gear. The impish had happened; victory was in sight; the fish were running. He cared to know no more.

That night the floors of the fish dock groaned beneath a weight of silver added salmon piled waist high to a tall man. All through the cool, dim lit hours the ranks of Chinese butchers backed and slit and slashed with swift, sure, tireless strokes, while the great building echoed hollowly to the clank of machines and the hissing sighs of the soldering furnaces.

It seemed to Boyd that he had never felt such elation as during the days that followed. He trod upon air; his head was in the clouds. He joked with his men, inspiring them with his own good humor and untiring energy. He was never idle save during the odd hours that he snatched for sleep.

While the night output was disappearing, Emerson drew consolation from the prospect that his pack would be large enough at least to avert utter ruin.

Up at the trust's headquarters Willis Marsh was in a fine fury. As far as possible his subordinates avoided him.

On the third day after Boyd's deliverance Constantine sought him out in company with several of the native fishermen, translating their demand to be paid for the fish they had caught.

"Can't they wait until the end of the week?" Emerson inquired.

"No! They got no money—they got no grub. They say little baby is hungry, and they like money now. So soon they buy grub, they work some more."

"Very well. Here's an order on the bookkeeper."

Boyd tore a leaf from his notebook and wrote a few words on it, telling the men to present it at the office. As Constantine was about to leave he called to him:

"Wait! I want to talk with you."

The breed halted.

"How long have you known Mr. Marsh?"

"He knows him long time."

"Do you like him?"

A flicker ran over the fellow's copy face as he replied:

"Yes. Him go-d man."

"You used to work for him, did you not?"

"Yes."

"Why did you quit?"

Constantine hesitated slightly before answering. "He go work for Cherry."

"Why?"

"She good to my little brother. You savvy little children—so big?"

"Yes, I've seen him. He's a fine little fellow. By the way, do you remember that night about two weeks ago when I was at Cherry's house—"

"What do you mean? I've got men

had not George Bait's heavy step sounded outside. A moment later the big fellow entered.

"What did you find at the traps?" asked Emerson eagerly.

"Nothing," George spoke shortly. "The fish struck in this morning, but our trap is corked." He wrenched off his rubber boots and threw them savagely under a bench.

"What luck with the boats?"

"Not much. Marsh's men are trying to surround our gill netters, and we ain't got enough boats to protect ourselves." He looked up meaningfully from under his heavy brows and inquired:

"How much longer are we going to stay for this?"

"What do you mean? I've got men

out hunting for new answers."

"You know what I mean," the giant rumbled, his red eyes flaming. "You and I can get Willis Marsh."

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Established by Franklin in 1763.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1027

Saturday, December 17, 1910.

Governor-elect Baldwin of Connecticut still refuses to meet with the late President, Roosevelt. He refused to attend the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce in New Haven this week because the renowned Colonel was to be there.

Providence is deeply agitated over the street car system of that city. The Journal has stirred up a mass and now they are trying to get the people generally to complain. The claim is that the company does not run enough cars, and that the system breaks down on the first approach of bad weather.

What has Mr. O'Shaunessy to say now? Before election he unqualifiedly declared that he was in favor of taking from the Speaker the power to appoint committees and vesting the same in the House. His party is now in the saddle. Does he still hold to that opinion and will he vote to take the power away from Champ Clark when he is elected Speaker? We know not.

The only states in the Union that have made a larger percentage of gain in population in the last ten years than Rhode Island are Washington that has gained 120.4 per cent; Oklahoma, 109.7; Idaho, 101.8; Nevada, 98.4; North Dakota, 90.3; New Mexico, 87.5; Arizona, 86.2; Oregon, 82.7; California, 80.1; Wyoming, 67.7; Montana, 54.0; Colorado, 48.7; South Dakota, 45.4; Florida, 42.4; New Jersey, 34.7; Texas, 27.8; West Virginia, 27.4; and Rhode Island, 26.6. All the other states in the Union made a less gain in percentage, and Iowa alone of all the states made a loss in population. There are eleven states in the Union that have a less population than Rhode Island.

There is more than an even chance that after the new apportionment of the U. S. House of Representatives, Rhode Island may have three members instead of two. If the House should be increased to 425 members and the basis of representation increased to somewhere near 215,000 of population then Rhode Island would get three. On the present basis of representation, viz 194,000, she would get three anyway. But in all probability that basis will be increased so as not to make too large a House. The present membership is 391. An increase of some thirty odd members would not be so large an increase as was made from 1890 to 1900. Under the new apportionment the only State in New England to lose a representative will probably be Maine. Her increase in population for the last ten years has been small.

There were cast at the State election in this city on November 8th, 4219 votes. There were 1581 straight Republican votes cast and 1239 Democratic. Mr. Sheffield for Congress received 2302, Mr. O'Shaunessy 1773, McComber prohibitionist, 26. For Governor, Mr. Fotherill had 2522, Mr. Waterman 1658, Greene 89, and Herrick socialist, 35. For Lieutenant Governor, Bills had 2030, Clarke 1832, Estes 84, Holland 81. For Secretary of State, Parker had 2109, Archambault 1867, Merry 39, Merrill 33. For Attorney General, Greenough had 2141, Devlin 1854, Peabody 39, McDermott 36, General Treasurer Read 2112, Babcock 1645, Lawton 40, Merry 28. There were many blank ballots cast. For instance, for member of Congress there were 88 blanks; for Governor, 340; for Lieutenant Governor, 382; for Secretary of State, 377; for Attorney General, 358; and for General Treasurer, 894. The total vote cast in the first Representative district was 553; in the second Representative district, 1102; in the third district, 922; in the fourth district, 906; and in the fifth district, 736.

The Daily News after showing the extra expense to the city by the extra voting booths required for voting purposes at the city and State elections, then says that the Newport Representatives in the General Assembly should "make every effort to have the law amended during the coming session, so that thenceforth shall not be compelled to endure a repetition of the costly experiment." The blame, as we have shown several times, does not lie with the General Assembly. The people voted by a large majority that the State should be divided into one hundred representative districts. Newport by her population was entitled to five of those districts. The law the people, not the General Assembly, passed said that those five districts should be as nearly equal in population as possible. The Governor appointed a non-partisan commission to make the division. It did its work with exact fairness. All that the city of Newport had to do was to adopt their lines as the ward lines for the five wards of the city. All extra expense would then have been avoided. The Representative Council refused to adopt those lines. The blame for the extra expense therefore lies with the Representative Council, not with the General Assembly. It may be possible to make this winter some modification of the law but as long as the Council persist in wanting ward lines different from district lines, so long will there be more or less confusion for the voter and more or less extra expense for the city.

"Don't Give Up the Ship!"

From Washington Herald.

Commodore Perry drew from a locker a large, square blue flag on which appeared in white letters the dying words of the gallant Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship!" This, said Perry, "shall be the signal for action!" That was September 9, 1818. Next day the battle of Lake Erie began and was fought to that conclusion that has made one of the most glorious pages in American naval history, the conclusion so patriotically and ably summed up by Commodore Perry in his hastily written dispatch of September 10: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

It is fitting to celebrate this event in American history that a committee of the Interstate board of the "Perry's Victory Centennial" is appearing before the present Congress. The appeal is in support of a bill introduced by Geo. Keller, of Ohio, appropriating \$250,000 for a celebration, during the summer of 1918, in honor of the 100th anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie.

We can imagine few historical events the centennial of which is fitter to be celebrated than that of the battle of Lake Erie, for it calls for a celebration of patriots at high tide. It is not a celebration that belongs to one State but to the nation as a whole. The State of Ohio started the movement, but the States bordering on the Great Lakes joined, and then came in, as active participants, Rhode Island, the birthplace of Perry, and the home of most of the officers and men of his fleet, and Kentucky, which pointed out that two-thirds of the soldiers in the army of Gen. William Henry Harrison were Kentuckians. But other States have agreed to participate, and there is no doubt that in its ultimate form the celebration of this centennial will be in all essentials a national celebration.

It does not seem that plans for the Perry memorial have as yet taken quite definite shape; perhaps this was impracticable until it could be known what aid could be expected from Congress. But there seems to be a set purpose to make the memorial something more permanent and of greater fitness to the deed it commemorates than a mere celebration. It has been proposed to erect a wireless telegraph and meteorological station somewhere in the vicinity of Put-in-Bay, with the object of reducing the losses on the Great Lakes, which last year amounted to \$2,000,000 in property and ninety-two lives. Such a memorial to Commodore Perry would be in every way most fitting; but, of course, with this permanent feature there would be much of the expenditure idea as to make the event of educational, historical, and patriotic interest.

The matter one in which all patriotic societies, educational institutions, and public-spirited individuals should be in accord. It is a subject that should appeal strongly to Congress, and the names and high stations of those on the executive committee of the organization having the matter in charge should be a sufficient guarantee that the appropriation asked from Congress will be expended wisely and well.

Remembering all that the battle of Lake Erie meant, realizing how enshrined in the hearts of the American people is the memory of Commodore Perry, we are quite sure that against a necessary appropriation for such an object as this there will not be raised a dissenting voice.

Hungry Democrats.

The Democrats are waiting anxiously for the 61st Congress to expire, for then a regiment of Republican officeholders will go out and as many Democrats come in.

In the appointment of committees, the new Speaker, as far as possible, will give the chairmanships to the oldest member in point of service on each committee. The new Ways and Means Committee, which will have to deal with tariff revision, will undoubtedly be led by New York of Alabama. Fitzgerald, of New York, is the high Democrat on the Appropriations Committee, and may be given the chairmanship, despite the fact that he is unpopular with some Southern members. Sparkman, of Florida, or Randall, of Louisiana, probably the latter, will be chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. Clayton, of Alabama, will lead the Committee on Judiciary, and in all probability Adamson, of Georgia, will be at the head of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. Padgett, of Tennessee, is the ranking member on the Naval Committee. Suiser, of New York, ranks first in the Military Committee, but the chairmanship may go to Hay, of Virginia.

As will be seen from the above list the South will again be in the saddle. All the ranking members of the Democratic majority are Southerners, which has been the case since the foundation of the Government. Whenever the Democratic party is in power it is the Southern contingent that runs the Government. It remains to be seen whether the new South with its manufacturing interests will be as thoroughly given over to free trade ideas as was the old South which raised cotton and hogs and manufactured nothing but illicit whiskey.

There is an army of clerks waiting for a chance to get a feed at the public crib.

The ex-President has found his voice again. It came to him at New Haven Tuesday night. He was the chief guest at a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce of that city. Neither the Governor-elect, nor the present Governor, nor any member of Congress was present, so the doubly Colonel had things all to himself, and he took occasion to tell the people that he was still for "reform."

The Brooklyn Times asks, is it better to have turkey high and the money with which to buy it, or to have turkey cheap and no money with which to purchase it? Let us try to bear in mind the conditions this Christmas Day, in order to contrast them with those that may exist two years hence, after the Democratic party has taken a turn at tariff making.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Action of California Girls is Prejudicial to Exposition. - California girls not ready for Self-Government—Some Hope for a Parvula Post-Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, D. C., Dec. 15, 1910.
The Pasadena, California, girls refuse to dance with the Japanese naval officers; the ball is called off; the Japanese, admiral in high dudgeon sails away, and all Japan resents the affront. The Pasadena girls were within their rights and they have the sympathy of the United States. But what about the International Exposition for which California and the Pacific coast is clamoring? The support of that Exposition, if held at San Francisco, must come from the Orient. We all know the attitude of San Francisco to the Orient. It very recently brought us to the verge of war with Japan, and there are possibilities of serious trouble in an International Exposition held on the Pacific slope. The proper place for an exposition to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal will be the capital of the United States. New Orleans, San Francisco? "A plague on both your houses!"

The Secretary of War has just returned from the Philippines by way of Asia and Europe, bringing the somewhat (it is information that our Malay acquisition from Spain is not fit for self-government. Well, what country ever was fit? The real difference is that the Philippines are less fit, or least fit. It is a positive benediction to compare countries like India, Egypt and the Philippines to be governed by an Anglo-Saxon people. All children need guidance and control, and these people are not only "half devil and half child," but "devil, devil and orphan child to one."

The President's message is the most voluminous ever printed, and is generally considered to be an important and up-to-date document. Few readers will peruse from end to end, and the epitomes furnished by the press are excellent as time savers. The President earnestly favors the fortification of the Panama Canal, and surely if it is worth digging, it is worth defending. Without fortification it could be destroyed by a few pounds of dynamite in a single night. To fortify the Canal is no challenge to the peace of the world.

International interests demand its protection. The Secretary of Agriculture has now completed his most optimistic report. The value of the agricultural products of the country in 1910 is estimated at \$3,228,000,000, and Mr. Wilson says that at no time in the world's history has a country equaled this record. It is quite probable that those even who are now past middle age may see an agricultural output equalling in value one trillion of dollars.

The recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture to eliminate the duties on for co-operative organizations of farmers and co-operative societies of consumers to get together, shortening the distance between the arm and the dinner table, is well worthy of consideration and action.

There is expectation that the recently elected Congress will be less under the hypnotism of the express companies and more mindful of the popular demand for a parcel post than past Congresses have been. The President in his message urges legislation authorizing the Postoffice Department to transport packages in the mails at reasonable rates with reasonable limitations as to bulk and weight. The present mailing conditions are most unreasonably having been dictated by the express companies in their direction. The backwardness of our country in this modern postal facility is shameful, for the parcel post is in vogue in such countries as China, Japan, Africa, Australia, Asia, India, Turkey and Korea, to say nothing of European countries.

Senator LaFollette is by odds the "Independent" Senator in the United States. Most Senators, when invited to the White House for consultation, accept the honor as a command. Not so Senator LaFollette. He wrote the President a note saying in substance, "I will, if consistent with my sense of duty, approve your appointments to the Supreme Bench, but beware that your appointees have clean records!" All oppose their confirmation by the Senate?

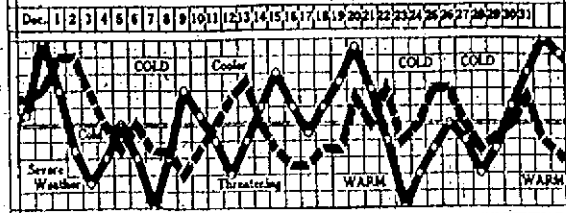
Montauk Terminal.

The River and Harbor Bill will carry with it this year appropriations amounting to over thirty millions of dollars. Some of the largest items in the bill are: Locks and dams on the Ohio river, \$2,000,000 cash and \$3,000,000 in contracts authorized for subsequent years, and \$5,000,000 cash for the Mississippi River. The Delaware River, below Philadelphia, gets \$800,000 cash and \$700,000 in contracts. The bill will also provide for a survey of the harbor at Montauk Point, Long Island, a plan for which was placed before the committee. Montauk Point is the location of an old project for a sweeping change to meet the congestion of docking at New York, the idea being to make it a port for European liners and a big railroad terminal.

The increasing army of unemployed and needy men and women in Great Britain and the enormous increase in the payments for the maintenance of paupers is a condition of things which the Free-Traders are aiming to bring about in the United States. Women are working in the fields in the United Kingdom because forced to do so to obtain a living. The United States consul at Dunfermline, Scotland, says that women are employed there in preparing, tilling and harvesting the crops, for which work they get 85 cents a day. Think of American workmen having to meet such competition!

A writer in the New York Evening Post seems to be in an unhappy frame of mind. He says that the Republican party is a combination of shrewdness and insanity; but that it has capacity. The Democratic party, he says, is without capacity. The people, he claims, must decide "whether they prefer an engineer who is a racial but under-manned the engine, or a good-intentioned one who doesn't and whose experiments may result in an explosion and wreck." Truly from his point of view the outlook is most hazardous. Bill we think the country will survive.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



December temperatures will average about normal. Very cold first and fourth weeks of the month and warmer than usual second and third weeks. Rainfall will be above normal in New England States, the Ohio valleys and the Great Lakes and the lower Mississippi valley. Elsewhere from about to much below normal rainfall. Dry in Eastern States south of Pennsylvania and in Cuba.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse.

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Washington, D. C., Dec. 15, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Dec. 18 to 22, warm wave 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 24. This will be the great divide between moderate and severe weather. If all temperatures will prevail as the front part of this disturbance passes and following it will come a cold wave that will affect the whole continent and cause weather of the blizzard kind in northern section. Southern truck farmers and gardeners should be on the alert and ready to protect their tender plants and fruits from this general cold snap which is expected to pass eastward, crossing meridian 90 not far from Dec. 22.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 23, cross Pacific slope by close of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern sections 28. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 22, great central valleys 23, eastern sections 27. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 20, great central valleys 23, eastern sections 30.

This disturbance will be a moderate affair till about the night before Christmas. I expect the storms at that time to be somewhere between the Rockies and meridian 90 and, while I will not try to more closely define their location where they may be at that time and thence eastward you may look out for trouble with weather fronts.

Beginning with Dec. 27 the eastern and western sections of the continent will be in the grip of a long, severe period of fierce winter storms preceded by very cold weather and after the elements have raged and the winter storms will be followed by rising temperature and beautiful winter weather. Last

Should Restrict Immigration.

After extended investigations, covering a period of about three years, the Immigration Commission has transmitted to Congress a report which embodies some noteworthy conclusions. Of these, the most important are that the present immigration from Europe is not an absolute economic necessity; that, as a rule, those who now immigrate to the United States are impelled more by a desire for better conditions than by the need of escaping intolerable ones, and that the large number of aliens who have gone into several basic industries in recent years have affected wages and living conditions adversely. As the result of its examination of the general question, the commission unanimously recommends the restriction of the admittance of unskilled labor. This is a very noteworthy conclusion, which will lend interest to the facts collected by the commission upon which the recommendation is based. Among the other recommendations contained in the report is one of direct practical value, namely, that the division of information in the Bureau of Immigration be so conducted as to co-operate with states and societies in promoting a beneficial distribution of immigrants among the several states.

"What can he say?" anxiously inquired young Kermit Roosevelt of the reporters who were sent to find out the Colonel took the news of the landladies in the States in which the apostles of the New Nationalism had been carousing. "It was the blow that almost killed father. At least for once the Colonel was rendered speechless. But—"

If he will only remain speechless for the next two years, it will be good for the nation.

Leaving A Man Helpless.

"That statement made me think," said a veteran newspaper man, "of the celebrated row between President Cleveland's colored man, and Secretary Hoke Smith's colored man. The two were exercising their masters' horses out on a country road, and got into a dispute as to what is the best thing in the world. Finally they bet a dollar on it."

"Well, what is the best thing in the world?" asked Cleveland's man.
"Rice," possum and sweet taters," said Hoke Smith's man.
"Whos," says Cleveland's man, dragging at the bridle. He jumped to the ground, seized Hoke Smith's man by the leg and dragged him to the shed.
"Take that," says he, lamming him on the neck. "You miserable black rascal! You ain't leaving me nuffin to guess at!"—Cincinnati Times Star.

SLAIN FOR HIS MONEY.

Once Noted Lawyer Found Dead in a Chicago Lodging House.
Chicago, Dec. 14.—Nathaniel B. Hyde, former United States commissioner for the southern district of Wisconsin, related to Governor Baldwin of Connecticut and a member of the New York and Wisconsin bars, was murdered in his room at his lodging house here. His head was battered in by a crowbar. Robbery is believed to have been the motive.

The slain man, who was more or less of a recluse, was a native of Vermont. His wife died ten years ago and since then he had been accounted eccentric. He was 76 years old.
He—They're weighing the anchor. She—He don't blame them. The trades people aren't to be trusted nowadays.—Century Magazine.

MOTHER CHURCH IS REMEMBERED

Gets Residue of Eddy Estate After Other Bequests Are Paid

WILL IS FILED AT CONCORD

Sum of \$10,000 Let to Glover and Each of His Children and \$5000 to Adopted Son—Mrs. Stetson Given Diamond Brooch—New York Church Gets \$175,000 to Pay Off Indebtedness—Mrs. Eddy's Household Remembered

Concord, N. H., Dec. 15.—The will of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy was filed in the probate court here. It names Henry M. Baker of Bow, N. H., as sole executor and provides that he shall not be required to furnish securities on his official bond. Mrs. Eddy says that she has already given George W. Glover, her son, four mortgage deeds bought of the Farmers' Loan and Trust company of Kansas, and "moneys at various times." She hereby ratifies the transfers and gifts.
In addition she wills him \$10,000 and the same amount to each of his five children. She bequeaths \$1000 to George H. Moore of Concord, N. H.

For the purpose of more effectually promoting and extending the religion of Christian Science as "taught" by me, Mrs. Eddy makes the mother church in Boston her residuary legatee, after various bequests are paid. Among these other bequests is one of \$100,000, to the Christian Science board of directors to be held in trust for the purpose of providing free instructions for "indigent, well-educated, worthy Christian Scientists at the Massachusetts Metaphysical college, and to aid them hereafter until they can maintain themselves in some department of Christian Science."

Dr. B. J. Foster Eddy, her adopted son, gets \$5000; Calvin A. Frye, \$20,000, and there are several more bequests of \$1000 to \$3000 each to relatives and to attendants of the Eddy household.

By collating Mrs. Eddy's direct that an indebtedness of \$175,000 upon the church edifice of the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, in New York shall be cancelled from her estate, and bequeaths her "crown of diamonds" heart pin to Mrs. Augusta B. Stetson of New York.

The will was filed in the probate office for Merrimack county at 3:14 o'clock yesterday afternoon by Henry M. Baker. Judge Corning received and allowed the will in common form.

Mr. Baker immediately petitioned for its approval in solemn form and a hearing thereon was ordered to follow the mailing of notices as required by law.

The will was executed on Sept. 13, 1901, and re-executed as an original will, Nov. 7, 1903, the previous will having been lost or mislaid. There are two collators, the first dated Nov. 7, 1903, and the second May 14, 1904.

KILLS WIFE AND SELF

Sequel to Quarrel Which Had Kept Couple Apart For Three Months

Malden, Mass., Dec. 14.—Alonzo W. Campbell, after instantly killing Mabel W. Campbell, his wife, in her parents' home at 44 Wyeth street, when she refused a reconciliation, turned his revolver on himself, firing three shots, the last through his heart.

Campbell's father-in-law, Mr. Coffin, had succeeded in effecting a meeting between Campbell and the latter's wife, hoping to end the quarrel which had kept the young couple apart for three months.

The Campbells were married in Malden nine years ago, and had five children. Two of the children have been with Campbell's sister in North Adams. Mr. Coffin had taken two, and Mrs. Campbell had the baby.

Their married life was very unhappy. Campbell drank at times, and was frequently out of work. Several times they had separated for short periods, but, until the last quarrel, these separations had been of short duration, always patched up by the efforts of relatives.

The Campbells were of the same age, 23 years.

GROWTH IS GREATER THAN ANTICIPATED

United States Flag Protects Total of 101,100,000 Souls

Washington, Dec. 12.—In the United States and all its possessions the Stars and Stripes protect 101,100,000 souls. This enormous number is the official estimate of the United States bureau of the census. It includes the Philippines, Samoa, Guam, Hawaii, Alaska and the Panama Canal Zone.

Within the borders on the North American continent, exclusive of Alaska, the United States has a population of 91,972,268 inhabitants. During the last ten years the rate of increase of the nation had an aggregate increase in population of 16,977,691, which amounts to 21 percent over the 1904 figures.

The growth of the country was greater than has been anticipated by the expert statisticians, who have closely watched the progress of the country's population.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

1910	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	High water	Low water
18 Sat	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20
19 Sun	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20
20 Mon	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20
21 Tues	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20
22 Wed	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20
23 Thurs	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20
24 Fri	7 15 1	8 11 1	9 8 1	10 5 1	11 2 1	12 11 1	1 8 1	7 00	8 20

New Moon, 11th day, 4th, 11th, evening.
First Quarter, 11th day, 5th, 20th, evening.
Full Moon, 13th day, 6th, 6th, morning.
Last Quarter, 11th day, 11th, 31st, morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., at her residence, 81 South Baptist street, Catherine, widow of Jeremiah Allen, aged 75 years.
In this city, 18th inst., Margaret L. son of Joseph and Alice A. Gaskin, aged 2 years, 2 months, 21 days.
In this city, 18th inst., James B. Manuel, aged 22 years.
In Portsmouth, 18th inst., Clara L., wife of Benjamin F. Pierce, in her 84th year.
In Tiverton, 18th inst., Corn, daughter of George W. and Isabel Grinnell, in her 20th year.

In Providence, 18th inst., Daniel W. Bryant of Central Falls, in his 81st year.
At National Soldiers' Home, Mountain Branch, Connecticut, Christopher White, aged 33, member 2nd Mass. Inf. Civil War. Many years resident of Newport.
At Taunton, 18th inst., the 10th inst., Mary Elizabeth Perry of Middlebury, widow of Granger Winchard Perry.
In Washington, suddenly, Dec. 9, Major General Wallace E. Randolph, United States Army, retired, in his 70th year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Site for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to:

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

123 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

His Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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AN OFFICIAL SNUB

Rudely Flung at Genial Robert
Louis Stevenson.

A CONSUL WITH A GROUCH.

The Author Called on the Newly Ap-
pointed Official at Apia to Pay His
Respects and Was Shown the Door
With Few Words and No Ceremony.When Robert Louis Stevenson lived
in Samoa he dressed as the others
there did. Up at Vaillima they all went
about in their bare feet, except when
expecting guests.When Stevenson came into Apia he
looked only half dressed. He always
came down with a soft shirt on and
generally white flannel trousers, some-
times with a red sash round the waist.On one occasion the genial author was
cruelly snubbed by a newly appointed
British consul at Apia, one Colonel
De Coetlogon. The story is told in
"With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J.
Moors, the author:One Sunday morning while Steven-
son and myself, barefoot and in paja-
mas, were discussing the various local
celebrities, my friend suddenly jumped
up and announced that he had ne-
glected a bounden duty. Here he had
been in Apia for some considerable
time, and had not yet called on her
Britannic majesty's representative. Ev-
ery Britisher of mark should attend to
such a duty at the earliest possible
moment! I must introduce him with-
out one moment's further delay!
"Come along, Moors," said he; "let's
get it off our mind!"I informed him that Colonel De Coet-
logon was himself a new man in the
place—he had been in Apia but a little
while—and I had not yet met him. Peo-
ple who had met him had mostly
declared him to be an exclusive, crusty
old fellow, full of pomposity. I was
therefore very loath to go until the new
arrival had slumbered down somewhat.
It was rumored that he had been for
years governor of some great jail in
Britain, and people remarked that he
treated many of his callers as ticket of
leave men who had come in to report.But Stevenson, feeling very sure of
his powers to charm this Gorgon,
would take no warning, but shouted
gayly: "Come on, Moors! I'll attend
to this case. He'll welcome us all
right!" I pointed out his attire and
his lack of shoes, and, with a sigh, he
compromised so far as to put on a
clean shirt and a pair of trousers and
shoes, but my best efforts would not
induce him to wear a coat. In the rig
he wore and under his little yachting
cap he positively looked no more than
twenty or twenty-five years of age.
He bubbled with enthusiasm over ev-
erything new and strange that came
within his view as we passed along
the road to Matautu, where De Coet-
logon lived. From the beginning I
doubted if we would receive anything
like an effusive welcome, and I took
care to impart my fears to my friend,
but he only laughed. Particularly did
I point out that this was Sunday and
that we should choose another day for
our visit. He still laughed.With pride and joy he threw open
the consular gate and strode manfully
across the lawn, I following close be-
hind. A tall, soldierly person, with
white mustaches and close cropped
hair, was sitting peacefully on the veranda.
He made no attempt to rise
and welcome us. A whisky and soda
had just then his rapt attention. We
ascended the steps. The statue in the
chamber merely regarded us. We might
as well have been a couple of dis-
tressed prisoners coming to pray for
some amelioration.Stevenson would have embraced this
cold representative of his country's
greatness, but the chill restrained him.
"Good morning, sir."A grunt. "Well, what do you want?"
"My name is Stevenson. I am well
known in Britain by my works—in
fact, I am a novelist. This is Mr.
Moors."

"Well, what do you want?"

No friendly hand was stretched out
to greet us. We noted a face as hard
as stone, as uncompromising and as
unsympathetic as a brick wall. Steven-
son stood there as one petrified; I was
quite appalled. My friend had not
counted on such a start. There was no
seam or crevice in which he might
momentarily locate to reconnoiter be-
fore he should attack again. The con-
sul's brow was sad to look upon. He
had not even risen civilly to hear us."We have come, sir, to pay our re-
spects.""If you have any business and de-
sire to see me I will listen to you on
week days and in my office at the prop-
er time. Good morning."Stevenson quite lost the power of
speech and looked appealingly at me.
I cannot remember exactly what I
said, but I know that I endeavored to
deplete to the consul the warmth and hon-
esty of my companion.In return came this: "I don't care
who you are—either of you! If you
have any business at this consulate
come and state it at the proper time."Without more than a profound bow
Stevenson turned and made his way
out into the road again, I having pre-
ceded him. "By heavens, Moors, you
were right! What a beast! What a
liar—well, I suppose he has a right
to choose his own Sunday morning
company. I had thought that I was
one of the foremost men of letters of
the day, but this fellow differs. What
a situation for a man of my supposed
eminence to find himself in! People
will differ in their opinions, won't
they?" And he burst out into a merry
laugh.

Counter Case.

Upon being called in the police court,
charged with an assault upon a clerk
at a soda water fountain, the defend-
ant arose and said, "Your honor, I am
guilty, but I plead a counter case."
Whereupon the aforesaid clerk arose
and replied: "Your honor, the counter
didn't have anything to do with it. I
walked around the counter before I
struck him."—Case and Comment.

STAGE REALISM.

Clara Morris' Study of a Victim of
Heart Disease.No actress ever surpassed Clara Mor-
ris in the care with which she studied
for a part. When she was studying
the part of Cora in "Article 47" she
visited an insane asylum in order to
learn the signs of insanity. Cora was
not only insane, but she was disfig-
ured by a hideous scar as well. Miss
Morris spent weeks in trying to se-
cure a correct representation, and one
day she saw in a street car a woman
who had exactly that kind of disfigu-
rement. She studied it and reproduced
it, but her kindness of heart shrank
from reproducing it in such fashion
that the sufferer might recognize it if
she ever saw the play. So she work-
ed over it until she made enough al-
terations to feel certain that no one,
not even the owner of the original
scar, could ever suspect the imitation.When she was studying the part of
Miss Moulton, who was to die of heart
disease, she visited a specialist who
had a number of patients suffering
from that trouble. He showed her
one of his patients and then, to her
surprise and horror, ran the sufferer
up a flight of stairs that Miss Morris
might see the symptoms as produced
after an excitement of the heart. Miss
Morris was filled with pain and pity.
She made the poor patient a present
of a bank bill as she was leaving.
The woman accepted it and then as
she was stuffing it into her glove
caught sight of the figure on the note.
The size was so large that it brought
on a recurrence of all the symptoms—
the starting eyes, the gasping breath,
the widening nostrils. This time the
heart excitement was caused by joy,
not pain, but Miss Morris was so over-
come with horror and sympathy that
she hurriedly left the house.—Ladies'
Home Journal.

HIS FIRST WIG.

John D. Rockefeller Was Timid About
Wearing It in Public.When John D. Rockefeller first
donned a wig he was apparently some-
what timid about showing himself
with it in public. H. M. Briggs, who
was for a number of years very close-
ly connected with Mr. Rockefeller as
his personal bodyguard, writes in the
American Magazine of the oil king's
debut in his new hairdo:"One morning Mr. Rockefeller came
to church in a wig for the first time.
As he arrived some time before the
services very few were present. Dr.
Eaton, the pastor of the church, laugh-
ingly said, 'Mr. Rockefeller, we love
you with or without it.' I went with
him into the Sunday school, and we
passed a reporter, who did not recog-
nize him. I told Mr. Rockefeller of
this, and he said, 'You surprise me'.
He inquired if there was a mirror in
the church, and I took him into Dr.
Eaton's office. He stood in front of
the glass, and, finally getting it ad-
justed, he asked me if it looked all
right. I asked him if it was comfort-
able. I really did think the wig made
a great improvement in his appear-
ance. He said that it was going to be
quite an ordeal to enter the church for
the service. I said, 'Mr. Rockefeller,
you have gone through worse.' He
shrugged his shoulders, and we passed
into the church together. If his pres-
ence on previous occasions never failed
to attract attention the stir that
followed his entrance on this particu-
lar morning must be left to the imagi-
nation. After the service, when the
'orden' was over, he seemed as tick-
led with his wig as a boy with a new
pair of red topped boots."

Pirate's Coins.

The doubloon, that famous coin of
romance, is still in circulation. The
Isabella doubloon, worth \$5, still re-
mains current in Cuba. The doubloon
is so called because when first coined
it was double the value of a pistole—
that is, it was worth \$8. The name
was given later to a double doubloon
current in the West Indies. Pieces of
eight, with which every reader of
"Robinson Crusoe" is familiar, are also
in circulation. They are simply Span-
ish dollars of eight reals. A doubloon
dated 1787—there are said to be only
six of that date in existence—sold a
year or six ago, for \$6,200.—New York
Press.

A Condition, Not a Theory.

A sociologist in conversation with a
practical person from the middle west
concerning the labor problem in her
part of the country thereby learned the
lesson of the situation.

"Are there many men out of work?"

he asked.

The lady admitted that there were
quite a number."What," said he then, "do the un-
employed do?""Nothing," said the lady. "That's
the trouble."—Youth's Companion.

His Only Hope.

A lawyer of New Orleans tells this
story: An old negro was brought up
before the judge charged with chick-
en stealing, and when the usual ques-
tion was propounded, "Guilty or not
guilty?" he said, "I don't know, boss.
I jest throw myself on the ignorance
of the court."—Case and Comment.

Her Title.

"He married her for her title."

"You mean the other way about,
don't you?""No: her title to a lot of valuable
real estate."—Boston Transcript.

A Pretzel.

"Paw, what's a pretzel?"

"A cracker with cramps, my son.
Now go to bed."—St. Joseph News-
Press.

His Wife's Mother, of Course.

Mabel! If your grandma has lost all
her teeth, how does she eat? Willie—
I heard pa say she had a biting
tongue.—Boston Transcript.Education begins the gentleman, but
reading, good company and reflection
must finish him.—Locke.

BANK CHECKS.

The Part They Play in the Payment of
a Debt.A young man had kept in his pos-
session for several days a check from
his uncle. His uncle died, and he
hastened to the bank to cash the
check. When he found the bank would
not pay the check until it had orders
from the heirs or from the courts he
was surprised and observed to his fa-
ther that he thought of a check as be-
ing so much money if the signature
was good.As a matter of fact, however, a
check is merely an order from A. to
B., who holds some of A.'s money, to
pay a certain amount thereof to C.
It is not money, even if the names on
the check are good and well known
and the bank is solid as the govern-
ment. Although checks are given in
payment of debt and a receipt usually
is signed on the spot, yet the passing
of a check does not constitute pay-
ment of indebtedness until it is paid
by the bank.Nor will the concurrent receipting of
the debt for which it is given change
this. If the check is not paid on pre-
sentation to the bank the original claim
stands against the drawer or giver of
the check. But a certified check con-
stitutes payment on the part of the
person who draws it.Checks may be antedated or post-
dated—that is, dated before or after
the date of delivery. If postdated
checks are paid before the day speci-
fied the drawer can recover the mon-
ey, for the bank has acted not in ac-
cordance with any order from him,
but on its own responsibility.If a blank is left for the date the
holder is authorized to insert the true
date of delivery, but no other date.
The insertion of any other date or
changing the date without the consent
of the drawer makes the check void.—
New York Herald.

BIBLICAL TROUBLES.

Knotty Language Problems Translators
Have to Solve.Some of the riddles that have to be
solved before the Bible can be trans-
lated into remote and barbaric tongues
are cited in that annual wonder book,
the popular illustrated report of the
British and Foreign Bible society.
How, for example, can you find a
name for "lamb" among the inhabit-
ants of some island where the only
quadrupeds are pigs and rats? How
can you render "whiter than snow" in
the dialects of West Africa, where
snow is utterly unknown?Occasionally the difficulty is one of
sheer space. Lengua, the speech of
an Indian tribe in Paraguay, which
has been furnished with the gospel
according to St. Mark, is so unwieldy
that the word eighteen can only be re-
presented thus: "Sohogemek-wakthla-
mok-mokik-antantthama." Literally
translated, that means "finished my
hands, pass to my other foot—three."
For fingers and toes serve as units.
The word for butter in Lengua is
"wakky-anamankukingnik-ikthi-
mik," which means literally "the
grease of the juice of the udder of the
cow."In New Guinea the translator want-
ed the proper idiom for "far be it
from me to do this thing," so he con-
sulted an intelligent catechumen.
"Yes," replied the catechumen, "I un-
derstand exactly. We have the pre-
cise idiom. We say, 'May I speak to
my mother-in-law before I will do this
thing?'" for in that land of strange
taboos one of the unpardonable sins is
for a man to open his lips to his wife's
mother.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Justifiable Deception.

The talk had gone back, and fro
and the youthful Socialist had been
announcing that no man ought to get
his living by cheating, and we all lis-
tened to him and agreed that it was
dreadful when men and women did
not tell the truth, but tried to make
their living by deceiving people. Mil-
lionsaires, landowners, financiers, we
scarcely all of them who cheat the
public."No one should make a living by de-
ception," said the young man.Then a quiet voice from a woman
came from the corner of the sofa.
"What about the conjurer?"

Eating Four Hundred Years Ago.

Four hundred years ago eating was
practically confined to two meals a
day, but in many parts the second or
evening meal was of such a protracted
character that hours were passed lim-
beting its duration. Thus at Berna there
was a law against sitting at table more
than five hours. At Bale, from 10
o'clock in the morning to 8 o'clock in
the evening was the maximum per-
mitted, but the town council was unable
to practice its own counsels of perfec-
tion and on great occasions finished in
private. In Saxony the innkeeper was
forbidden to serve more than four
dishes at one meal.

Welcome Joy.

If you ain't got manners ter tell Joy
good mawnin' when you meets him,
how does you expect him ter call roun'
by de place you live at? You better
be mighty keeful, fer whilst he is
allus in a good humor he sho' do ex-
pect you ter meet him half way.—At-
lanta Constitution.

A Rare Treat.

A distinguished society leader of New
York, lately returned from a motor trip
through France, said that her most de-
lightful experience was hearing the
French peasants singing the mayon-
naise.—Everybody's.

The Congenial Pair.

Purchaser—Please, give me the two
cents that have a post between 'em.
Box Office—Sorry, sir, but the married
couple pairs are all sold.—Cleveland
Leader.

A Maxim.

To be candid, speak of the present
as though they were absent. To be
charitable, speak of the absent as
though they were present.—Lippin-
cott's.

FLYING IN DREAMS.

A Sensation Like That Which Some-
times Precedes Death.The sensation of flying is one of the
earliest to appear in the dreams of
childhood. It seems to become less
frequent after middle age. Beaumont
states that in his case it ceased at the
age of fifty. It is sometimes the last
sensation at the moment of death.To rise, to fall, to glide away has
often been the last conscious sensation
recalled by those who seemed to be
dying, but have afterward been brought
back to life. Pieron has noted this
sensation at the moment of death in a
number of cases, usually accompanied
by a sense of well being. The cases he
describes were mostly tuberculous and
included individuals of both sexes and
with athletic as well as religious be-
liefs.In all the last sensation to which ex-
pression was given was one of fly-
ing, of moving upward. In some death was
peaceful, in others painful. In one
case a girl died clasping the iron bars
of the bed, in horror of being borne
upward.Pieron associates this sensation with
the similar sensation of rising and float-
ing in dreams and with that of mov-
ing upward and resting on the air ex-
perienced by persons in the ecstatic
state. In all these cases alike life is
being concentrated in the brain and
central organs, while the outlying dis-
tricts of the body are becoming numb
and dead.Dream flight, it is necessary to note,
is not usually the sustained flight of a
bird or an insect, and the dreamer
rarely or never imagines that he is
borne high into the air. Hutchinson
states that of all those whom he has
asked about the matter hardly one
has ever known himself to make any
high flights in his dreams. One al-
most always flies low, with a skim-
ming manner, slightly, but only slight-
ly, above the heads of pedestrians.Beaumont—from his own experience—
describes a typical kind of dream
flight as a series of light bounds at
one or two yards above the earth, each
bound clearing from ten to twenty
yards, the dream being accompanied
by a delicious sensation of ease and
movement as well as a lively satisfac-
tion at being able to solve the problem
of aerial locomotion by virtue of su-
perior organization alone.Lafont de Hearn somewhat similarly
describes in his "Shadowings" a typi-
cal and frequent dream of his own as
a series of bounds in long parabolic
curves, rising to a height of some twen-
ty-five feet and always accompanied by
the sense that a new power had been
revealed, which for the future would
be a permanent possession.—Atlantic.

Won His Wager.

Mrs. Somerville, the great mathema-
tician and scientific writer, had to a
great extent the power of concentra-
tion and became so absorbed in her
task as to be unconscious of what was
going on around her. Dr. Somerville
told Harriet Martineau that he once
laid a wager with a friend that he
would abuse Mrs. Somerville in a loud
voice to her face and she would take
no notice, and he did so. Sitting close
to her, he confided to his friend
the most injurious things—that she
rouged, that she wore a wig and oth-
er such nonsense, uttered in a very
loud voice. Her daughters were in a
room of laughter, while the slandered
lady sat placidly writing. At last her
husband made a dead pause after her
name, on which she looked up with an
innocent "Did you speak to me?"

Earthquakes Bar Progress.

Japan has a great number of water-
falls which would be of material value
in the development of the country, but
the reason these valuable sources of
power are not being developed is be-
cause of the danger of earthquakes
which is constantly confronting the
people. More than once within recent
years steps have been taken with the
view of constructing dams in order
that these falls might be utilized when
some demonstration of the earth has
given warning of the danger of such a
step and the promoters have been
forced to abandon or greatly modify
the proposed improvement.—New York
Press.

His One Regret.

"There's no use trying to deny it,"
remarked Mrs. DeFlatt, "this is the
worst cook we've had yet. There pos-
itively isn't a decent thing to eat on
the table.""That's right," rejoined DeFlatt.
"But," continued his wife, "there's
one thing in her favor. She can't be
beat when it comes to washing."
"Pity we can't eat the washing,"
sighed the hungry husband.—Chicago
News.

A Judicial Reproof.

A justice once reproved a would be
suicide thus: "Young man, you have
been found guilty of attempting to
drown yourself in the river. Only con-
sider what your feelings would have
been had you succeeded."—Green Bag.

Wise Rosalind?

Reginald—Darling, I see by the pa-
pers that a food expert says that it is
possible for a family to live on \$1 a
week. Do you think it possible?
Rosalind—No, dearest, but I'll be a
sister to you!—Cleveland Leader.

One Man's Theory.

"No, I don't think women will ever
succeed as railroad engineers."

"Why not?"

"They would lose too much time
holding up their trains at crossing!"—
Boston Transcript.It is not what we take up, but what
we give up, that makes us rich.—Beech-
er.

Not His Fault.

Vicar's Wife—I'm sorry to see you
coming away from the public house so
often, Priggs.
Blacksmith—Yes'm. They won't let
me stay there two minutes. As soon
as I get set down comfortable-like
somebody's sure to want a job done,
and out I has to come again.—London
Punch.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature ofChas. H. Fletcher
and has been made under his per-
sonal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant.
It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind
Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation
and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the
Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL COMPANY, 77 N. BROAD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HELPED BY A HAMMER.

A Little Business Incident to Which
Hangs a Moral.Two blocks apart in a certain street
are two stationery stores. The owner
of one has abundant capital, has a
wide, roomy place with a large stock
of goods well displayed. The store of
the other man is a mere hole in the
wall in a dingy building, yet this dea-
ler is getting most of the business.The following incident may explain
it. A woman who had just moved to
the vicinity stopped in the larger store
one evening to buy some picture nails,
but was told that they were not sold
there."Where can I buy them?" she asked
politely."I don't know," said the proprietor.
The woman went to the smaller store.
This man had no picture nails either.
"I have a box of old nails that I use
myself," he explained. "Perhaps some
of them might do."The woman gratefully accepted his
offer and found some nails that an-
swered her purpose. She remembered
then that she had no hammer. "I can
lend you one," said the shopkeeper, "if
you will bring it back in the morning."
Ever since that time that woman has
walked the extra blocks to patronize
the obliging merchant. She has told
her friends of the incident and influ-
enced them to become customers.The lesson taught by this insignifi-
cant incident is one that is only too
often neglected. It pays a small
tradesman to be obliging—it pays all
of us. Small favors bring large re-
turns.—Chicago Tribune.

Dreaded Premature Burial.

Meyerberg, like many other notable
people, went in dread of premature
burial and left the most elaborate di-
rections with a view to preventing
such a contingency. "My body is to
remain untouched for a period of four
days after my death is certified, with
the face uncovered and in exactly the
same position as at the time I am sup-
posed to have passed away. On the
fifth day incisions are to be made in
the throat and in the feet." He also
directed that two men should be ap-
pointed to watch over him day and
night in case he should give any
signs of life and that bells should be
attached to his hands and feet.

He Remained One.

"It is true," said a woman lecturer,
"that some girls, marrying men to re-
form them, succeed. Some girls, too,
fail.""The hostess at a tea once said to a
beautiful, sad eyed woman:
"Are you fond of sports, Mrs.
Blank?""Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes
twinkled a moment. Then she sighed
and answered:"Well, I suppose I ought to be. I
married one!"

Egypt and China.

In Egypt we dig and delve and year
by year recover the treasures she
holds. In China there is nothing to re-
cover, nothing to dig for. All her past
is huddled on the surface. Her music
and her musical instruments of the
past are here today the same as they
ever were. There are no stages of de-
velopment and no steps of ascent.—
Hermann Smith.

Preventing a Waste.

"Why is Mrs. Jones standing bare-
headed in the cold?""Oh, she's got a half bottle of cold
cream left from last year, and she wants
to use it up to get the bottle out of
the way."—Lippincott's.

Had Done It Too.

Knicker-Banking interests some-
times buy what they don't want to
avert a panic. Rucker—As I buy my
wife a dress.—Harper's Bazar.When our hatred is too bitter it
places us below those whom we hate.
—Rochefort.Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

SMOKING MERRIHUANA.

It Fills Mexican Peons With Some-
thing Like Delirium Tremens.Water bugs and worms are among
the things in which the Mexican peon
delights. He catches his bugs as they
skim along the top of fresh water
pools, drying them and then eating
them with as much zest as an Ameri-
can boy eats peanuts. As near as the
peon can explain it, their flavor is
something on the order of the chest-
nut, but as no white man has ever
tried eating water bugs, or if he has
doesn't dare confess it, the exact taste
of these Mexican morsels can't be de-
scribed very accurately.The peons dole, too, on the nice,
fat pulque worm. "This insect is about
two inches long and half an inch thick.
They fry the dainty in grease and
pack it in brown paper packages of
a dozen worms, which fetch 2 cents
a paper. An industrious pulque worm
collector makes a good living.The worm inhabits the maguey or
pulque plant, from which is distilled
the agave nectar, or honey water, of
Mexico. After twenty-four hours' fer-
mentation it is very intoxicating. Af-
ter the Mexican has primed himself
with several drinks of agave nectar
and has smoked half a dozen cigarettes
made of the dried leaf of the merrihu-
ana weed and brown paper he is
ready for any crime of violence.This combination of stimulant and
narcotic has the effect of deluding the
victim into thinking that his enemy—
and every peon has a choice collection
of enemies—is a pygmy in stature. At
the same time it gives him an idea
that he is tremendously strong and
wonderfully brave. So he sallies forth
to make mincemeat of his enemy or
enemies and, as a rule, lands in the
local calaboose.One of the peculiar effects of merrihu-
ana smoking is to distort the size of
all animals, making them of enor-
mous size and horrible shape. The
smoker is filled with a horrible fear,
something like the horrors brought on

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. Sheriff's Office, December 17, 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 27818 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Providence on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1910, and returnable to said Court April 7th, A. D. 1911, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 14th day of October, A. D. 1910, in favor of Rhode Island Supply and Engineering Co., a corporation duly created under the laws of the State of Rhode Island and having its principal place of business in the City and County of Providence, in said State, plaintiff, and against Frederick A. Clarke, alias John Doe and Melvin B. Briggs, alias Richard Roe, both of Newport, in said State, co-defendants, trading as Clarke & Briggs, and said Frederick A. Clarke, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock past 10 o'clock a. m., in and to the said County of Providence, in said State, sold to the said defendant, Frederick A. Clarke, alias John Doe and Melvin B. Briggs, alias Richard Roe, all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Frederick A. Clarke, alias John Doe and Melvin B. Briggs, alias Richard Roe, had on the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1910, in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and appurtenances thereunto in and to said City of Newport, and in said town of Middletown, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and described as follows: all that certain lot or parcel of land situated partly in said City of Newport and partly in the Town of Middletown and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the lot of John Anderson, fifty (50) feet, easterly, by a court or way leading northerly from Vernon Avenue, one hundred (100) feet; southerly, by Vernon Avenue, fifty (50) feet; and westerly, by land of said John Anderson, one hundred (100) feet more or less, be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1911, at 12 o'clock noon for the satisfaction of said execution and interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Second Special Course for Farmers.

RHODE ISLAND STATE COLLEGE.

DECEMBER 27, 28, 29, 30.

Topics for Discussion—Feeding and Housing of the Cow; Corn, Potatoes, and Alfalfa; Apples, Peaches and Strawberry Culture; Poultry on the Farm, etc.

Lectures for Women—Home Sanitation, Household Hints, Food Requirements for Children, Selection of Furniture.

Five Weeks' Poultry Course begins January 1, 1911.

For circulars of all courses address: HOWARD EDWARDS, President, 12-17-18.

Carr's List.

The Purchase Price, By Emerson Hough. Author of 61-40 or Fight.

Melting Star, By H. Ruler Haggard. The Victory of Allan Rutledge.

An Answer to the "Calling of Dan Matthews."

Poems by Oscar Wilde.

Asir, A Publisher's Life-Story. By John Adams Thayer.

ALSO

Christy, Hunt, & Fisher's Christmas Books and Calendars.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING

USE

Diamond Hill BIRD

Poultry Crit,

FREE FROM DUST,

White and Clean,

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

Visitor—That boy of yours is a promising youth.

Father—Yes, he's pretty likely, but a good deal depends on what he does with his talents. Sometimes the prize pumpkin makes the poorest kind of pie.

Once in a generation, perhaps, there rises the footman who knows how to put his foot down, yet never in it—Puck.

BE YOUNG AGAIN—BE HUMAN.

Who'd have the heart to take this dear old Santa Claus from his precious little ones? Banish the thought, 'twould rob them of the dearest treasure of their innocent, happy young lives. Encourage them in the thought, bring them here to see the dear, kind-hearted old fellow. Let them join the laughing crowds that throng this store; they'll enjoy the feast that Santa has spread for them. Xmas that is children's time, the happiest time of their whole lives. Live for them just these few days, live with them, be young again yourself, the happiness 'twill bring you will pay a thousand times over.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

ENGLISH DOLL CARRIAGES.

The real thing—more serviceable and more stylish than anything Santa's ever brought us.

From \$4.15

DOLL BEDS.

Fine four posters in solid mahogany.

\$5.75

Dainty White Enamel Beds with painted Dutch panels.

\$4.60

Real Brass Beds just like the big folks have.

\$3.75

DOLLS.

The finest German jointed dolls imported, large as real babies.

\$5.00

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Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.

For information write A. C. Titus, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN.

169 THAMES STREET.

The Indoor Season Has Arrived.

Cold and stormy weather may now be expected. The holiday and social life claims attention and the home and friends offer additional attraction. TELEPHONE SERVICE IN THE HOME is impartial, it takes one to a full participation in the social whirl or makes possible the restful evening at home. Offers a protection to the whole family at all hours. Have you a telephone at your home.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

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President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 3, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 5, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 6, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 7, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 8, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 9, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 10, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 11, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 12, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 13, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 14, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 15, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.

Delegates to State Convention—Ellis Dunbar, Cecil Spooner, Fanny Linton.

Attorneys—Sarah Willington, Mrs. Fred Watson, Hannah Emerson.

Ladies Auxiliary, No. 16, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

President—Miss Mary F. Sullivan.

Vice President—Mrs. Timothy Harrington.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. James Lynch.

Financial Secretary—Miss Mary E. Keene.

Misses at Arms—Mrs. Mary D. Harrington.

Guard—Thelma Spooner.